

HOW GAS IS USED IN THE TRENCHES

BRITISH GASMAN WRITES A
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF
HIS WORK.

MUST HANDLE CAREFUL

Men Who Turn Deadly Fumes Into
Enemy's Trenches Always
In Danger.

London, Aug. 5.—Before the "big squeeze" began discussion of British gas attacks was strictly prohibited, but now the taboo has been lifted, and a British "gasman" has been allowed to write a graphic account of the work of his own special corps whose business it is, he says, "to doctor the Germans with their own medicine."

"Behind our lines," he writes, "the sun set in a blaze of glory. A glance over the parapet shows the green and scarlet of the poplared No-Man's land already merging into the gray mists of twilight; but 150 yards away, like a brown earth shadow among the grays, hangs the rusty barbed wire of the enemy and just beyond a white, chalky upthrow marks his front line trench. The gasmen stare across the silent shadows at that white line and for a moment they think of the choky, gurgling cough of the men who die by gas. It is not pleasant to die by gas."

"Connect up!" The order comes down the line from the bay of the trench to another, and the gasmen immediately get busy. The front rows of neatly piled sandbags of which each fire-step is apparently solidly built are pulled out and disclose a cavity in which show, black and ominous, the cowed heads of a row of iron cylinders. They are sunk in pits well 'bagged up' to protect them from possible crack or puncture by flying fragment or ricocheting bullet. Each cylinder weighs about 130 pounds and contains sufficient compressed gas, if it could be used without waste, to put an entire company out of action.

"On top of the cylinders lies a tangle flexible connecting pipes, three and four-way joints, spigots, and screwjoints, and upon these, with spanner and key, the gasmen start work. The cylinders are all connected up in series, and nothing remains but to throw the jets over the top of the parapet and open the valves in order to release the deadly fumes."

Needs Favoring Breeze.

"But something is required to carry the gas over to the German lines—a favoring breeze—and never did sailor scan the sky more intensely than the gasmen watch their little, inconspicuous wind gauges, fixed to the edge of a trench. They must have a wind of a certain direction, and they prefer it of a certain strength. On this occasion, the direction is satisfactory enough, but the breeze shows signs of weakness, and occasionally falls to a mere, almost imperceptible zephyr."

"When not watching the wind, the gasmen are watching their pipes; repeatedly feeling and testing every inch of tube and joint; for none know better than they the danger of leakage and of the escape of gas into their own trenches. Persistently an officer passed down the line, casting rapid though keen glances as he goes at each set of cylinders and their connecting pipes. And in every bay he pauses and whispers two words to the corporal in charge: 'Eleven o'clock.' But the wind, without which the gas will not reach the enemy's trench and do its deadly work among its occupants, begins to peter out."

"At 10:50 the gasmen don their special respirators, which in the dim light, give the wearers a strange, almost inhuman appearance. Masked and gagged, with weird, trunk-like pieces of hose running from the mouthpiece to the box of air-purifying chemicals strapped to their chests, they look like some of the unearthly beings who people the books of Mr. H. G. Wells."

"But not a breath disturbs the still air. The feeble breeze has died completely. Hurriedly the order runs down the line: 'Cancel, and stand by!' Behind their masks the gasmen grunt disgustedly. But suddenly—crack! crack! rat-a-tat! rat-a-tat! The orders to the infantry have not been countermanded, and the quiet of the night is roughly shattered by a long line of vicious crackling rifles and Lewis guns, to which the Germans reply."

Apparatus in Danger.

"The gasmen move uneasily. It is not for themselves they fear, but for those pipes and cylinder heads lying bare and exposed to the hail of flying fragments. Well they know the danger of bursts and of trenches fill-

ed with gas and no wind to move it. But they cannot 'bag up' without orders, and so they detail one of their number in each bay to watch the cylinders while the rest gather behind the traverse, as being a slightly safer spot."

"When day breaks a fair wind is blowing, straight towards the German trenches. But, of course, it is now broad daylight, and the gas will be visible as soon as it leaves the pipes. The gasmen know what to expect. They know that as soon as the greenish-gray clouds appear outside their parapet there will be running messengers and hurried telephoning in the German lines. They know that within a few minutes the word will have reached the German big guns at the back, and that every piece capable of flattening out a parapet and burying them, mangled and broken, among their own cylinders will be concentrated upon the front line trench in which they stand."

"Time! Over the top the jet-pipes are flung, and then, simultaneously along almost two miles of trench, there arises a sibilant hiss, as of some monstrous and venomous snake suddenly aroused from slumber. Now the gasmen are working frantically the wheel and spanner and key, and the hiss increases in shrillness and volume. Outside the parapet the green poison fog is already spreading like a foul blanket over No-Man's land. Carried ceaselessly forward, its outer edge is rapidly approaching the German trenches, into which it will presently sink, spreading agony and death among those who cannot escape."

"No rifle or machine gun fire has been ordered this time, and from either line scarcely a sound is heard except the deadly hiss of the escaping fumes. The minutes pass in tense, ominous quiet. Nature herself seems to pause aghast to watch this latest devilry practiced by her children upon one another."

Mend Leaks With Mud

"Behind their masks the gasmen begin to breathe more freely, and then suddenly, on the left, 'Crash!' And 'crash' again, and yet again. This time on the right, somewhere 'Case at hand. The men crouch lower over their cylinders; the explosions follow one another almost too rapidly to count, and in any case their minds are no longer fitted to count—or care. Only the valves must be turned, and the pipes must be watched, and the sudden spurt of vapor which marks a leak must be checked by the application of a handful of mud, which the gas immediately freezes into an iron-hard and impenetrable mass."

"In one of the bays, the parapet rocks suddenly and falls forward, burying the men and their cylinders. Almost immediately the men scramble out unhurt; but the pipes are broken, and the gas is filling the trench. With spanner and mud the thing is stopped, new connections are rigged up, and the death vapor is again directed outside what is left of the trench. But one of the men has had the mouthpiece of his respirator broken, and already he is coughing and choking painfully. 'I've got it!' he gasps hoarsely, and goes behind the traverse to suck an ammonia ampule and die slowly."

"Closing-up time! Rapidly the valves are shut down, the jet pipes withdrawn and plugged and stacked away. Feverishly the men work at bagging up their cylinders again. Imperturbably a sergeant stalks down the ruined and battered trench, shepherding his flock toward their dug-out. He is an old-timer—a transfer from the infantry—and he scarcely quivers as a shell bursts behind a traverse he has just left. Quietly he directs two of the men to carry an unconscious case to the nearest point of the communication trench where the stretcher-bearers may be found."

"In the dugout, with the shells still pounding overhead, the section's roll is called. Most of the men answered by comrades as wounded and for others no one answers at all."

"But over in the German trenches hundreds of men are choking and gasping in agony for an hour before they can die. They have been made to quaff their own medicine."

FIVE DROWN WHEN HOUSE ROLLS INTO RIVER

Harlan, Ky., Aug. 7.—Five persons, Mrs. William Hall and her four children, were drowned here yesterday when a shack in which they had taken refuge when high water drove them from their home was carried away by a landslide into the Cumberland River. William Hall escaped when he left the hut to return to his abandoned home for a lamp. In his absence the building with his family slid into the river.

The slide took place five minutes after he quit the building. When he returned his family was adrift on the river. He was powerless to give aid. An alarm was raised and searching parties were sent out at once, but their work was of no avail. No trace of the building or its occupants has been found.

TWO FRENCHMEN TAKE HUNDRED PRISONERS

DARING DEED OF AN INFANTRY
CORPORAL AND COMPANION
COMMENDED.

Paris, Aug. 7, 5:35 a. m.—Corporal Gouteaubier, of the French Light Infantry, has been decorated with a military cross by President Poincare for capturing 100 Germans, including two officers, aided only by a single companion. The curt reference to Corporal Gouteaubier's exploit in army orders reads:

"For bravery and contempt for danger which struck terror into the trenches and shelter of the enemy. With a single comrade he has made 100 prisoners, including two officers, whom he took to the rear and then rejoined his post."

When Corporal Gouteaubier was paraded before President Poincare on the recent visit of the latter to the Somme front he told the story of his feat at the request of the President. It was on July 20 before Hem Wood. The French troops had just dashed forward at the German positions. The first wave had swept over the enemy's trenches and the second had followed to complete the operation. However, from a hollow toward the right a well-sustained fusillade was being poured on the rank of the attackers.

Gouteaubier, who was at the right wing of the second wave, called out to one man: "Guillot, come with me." The two men approached the spot where the firing came. They glided from tree to tree until they were close to the shelter where a German company was holding out. Guillot threw bombs as fast as he could into their midst and the fire ceased. "Surrender," shouted the Corporal in a stentorian voice from behind a tree.

In response to his demand 100 Germans emerged from the shelter with uplifted hands, led by two officers. "Pass along this way," shouted Gouteaubier from his hiding place. "Go out of the wood at once and march to the rear." Two minutes later the 100 Germans, shepherded by the Corporal and Guillot, arrived at the French lines. The prisoners admitted that some of their comrades remained in the shelter. "Come on, Guillot, let us go and fetch them," said Gouteaubier. The two men started back, but Guillot fell with a bullet in his breast and the Corporal had to abandon his enterprise.

DYING "LIKE A DOG."

(By W. H. Morse, M. D.)

"Die like a dog! Then they die like Christian heroes!" It was a German who said this, and he spoke with much heat.

One of the English religious papers had published a statement which has been quoted extensively in the American religious press, which was to the effect that many of the Italian soldiers, distrustful of the priests, irreligious to the brink of infidelity, and careless of all moral obligations, dying in war, "die like dogs." American religious zeal has improved upon this, and knowing how interested the Italians at home are in those from "that America," have advocated the equipment of the reservists from this country with the Scriptures in their vernacular, that therewith they might interest the godless soldiers. This plan has been, and will continue to be a great success, and our Lord can be trusted to give His Word free and glorified course in the army where, thus provided, it is so much needed.

The German had heard the expression, and although the Italians are at war with the Austrians, the allies of Germany, he scouted the phrase. "Die like a dog! Then they die like Christian heroes!"

"How is that?" he was asked. "It should be perfectly plain if you know how a dog in war dies," he replied.

"The phrase, 'the dogs of war,' sounds familiar!" he was told.

"Think so?" he answered curtly. "But do you know either as to what the dogs of war are, or as to how dogs die in war? No? Then say no more. Let me tell you some things that have to do with the war, with which you may not be familiar."

"You know the grand duchy of Oldenburg? At about the time of the American declaration of independence the grand duke Paul of Russia, afterward czar, became possessed of Oldenburg, and handed it over to his cousin, the Bishop of Lubeck. The bishop's son was weak-minded, and his cousin, Peter Frederick Louis, became regent, and ultimately grand duke, and progenitor of the present grand duke. Grand Duke Peter was a great lover, breeder, and fancier of dogs, and all of his successors have had the same fad. The present grand duke has it as

strongly as any, and for several years he has been noted for his dogs. Perhaps it might be said that that is his one great claim to notoriety. He has two picture galleries, in which are works of Veronese, Velasquez, Murillo, and other masters, but no one ever thinks of mentioning his love of art ahead of his love of dogs. In 1871, when Oldenburg joined the German empire, he talked 'dogs of war.' That is, he said that dogs could be used in war. I cannot say that in the Franco-Prussian war he carried out the idea, but soon after the present war began, he came forward with a plan. The German Society for Hospital Dogs was organized in Berlin, and the grand duke was elected as its president. People, by that time, began to listen to him with some respect. He had eight dogs, and he told with a great deal of animation that they would range the grand duchy and when they found people, who for one reason or other had met with accidents, they would not rest until they got them attended to. Why couldn't this idea be made profitable in the war? The government gave him carte blanche, and today there are, in the employ of the Germans, in their army, no less than 2467 dogs that are doing hospital service. They make no distinction between friend and foe, but thoroughly trained, they are sent out after the battles, and go about picking up the men who have been wounded. I saw it stated the other day that it is estimated that since the outbreak of the war not less than 8,000 men have been picked up on the battle-fields by the aid of the war dogs, those great German dogs so familiar to all who have been in Germany.

"But you spoke of 'dying like dogs.' The grand duke insists that the war dogs die like Christian heroes. He and others tell of dogs have been shot, and of the pathetic scene when they die, exhibiting to the last their solicitude for the welfare of the wounded. One incident of many was of a dog that had found a wounded soldier, and while howling to attract the attention of the surgeons to him, was struck by a piece of shell that mangled one of its legs. He still kept up his howling, and when a surgeon came to him, he noticed the torn leg. 'Ah, the dog is hurt!' he said, and started to examine the injury, when with a whine the dog drew back and as well as it could, indicated the wounded soldier and his need of help. The surgeon started to bandage the dog's leg, with a show of its teeth it refused to be touched till the soldier was attended to. The surgeon then came back to the dog, by that time bleeding to death. As the surgeon stooped over him, he wagged his tail feebly, and died. Other stories, just as tender and affecting, are told, but the soldiers enjoy better telling of the rescue work of the war dogs."

"You say that the godless Italian soldiers 'die like dogs.' O, don't please use those words! A godless man does not die like a Christian hero."—Our Dumb Animals.

MOUNTAIN-TOP ROAD OPENED IN CALIFORNIA

Quite an interesting piece of highway construction is represented in the Ridge Road, opened last spring, which gives California motorists a much more direct route between Los Angeles and Bakersfield than has been available in the past. The thoroughfare constitutes a new section of the Tejon Road that connects southern California with the San Joaquin Valley. The distance has been cut to 120 miles by the establishment of the Ridge Road. At the place where the new highway diverges from the Tejon Road it rises from an elevation of 1,000 feet to one of 5,300 feet and then extends along the crest of a mountain range for more than 20 miles. After this it drops down to a lower altitude and joins into the former artery. A magnificent view of hill and valley for miles in all directions is afforded at every point along the mountain-top route. The roadway is smooth, its turns banked, none of its grades steeper than six per cent and its width in no place less than 21 feet. Views taken along the Ridge Road appear in the July Popular Mechanics Magazine.

TOBACCO GROWERS NOT DISTURBED BY EMBARGO

Hopkinsville, Ky., Aug. 7.—Notwithstanding the renewal of the British Order-in-Council barring the shipment of tobacco from the United States to the Central Powers, there is optimism here concerning the sale of the next crop, which promises to be one of the largest and best raised in many years. Growers generally report excellent prospects. There is less tobacco on hand than ever before known at this time of the year. The stocks are practically exhausted. The demand during the season which recently closed was insistent, and now what little weed can be raked or scraped together

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For catalogue and information. Box A.

sells at the holder's price. Moreover, there is much less tobacco in storage here than for twenty-five years. Just where the tobacco has gone is not being advertised. Certainly trainloads of it have poured in golden brown streams across the country to New York and New Orleans, and thousands of hogsheads, in spite of the ocean rates, have been sent across the Atlantic to supply the soldiers in the trenches with smoking and chewing. But there are quantities of the product in storage houses in many places. There is little chance of this getting to its destination as long as Great Britain's blacklist is maintained, but there are experts who are confident that the ban will, in a short while, be lifted.

That one of the biggest concerns of the kind in America has confidence in the market is attested by the contract just let here by the Weyman-Bruton Snuff Company for the erection of a \$60,000 plant for pricing and rehandling tobacco. The buildings will occupy 12x267 feet, on Clay street and will be of brick, stone and steel, and the plant will be finished in time for the opening of the market next fall. Ground for the foundations was broken Saturday.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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